An Account of a Dreadful

MURDER

COMMITTED BY

Miss Mary Smith, of

Thornbury

On the body of her Father, Sir John Smith, by poisoning him for the Love of a young Man,

With an account of her Trial, and Dying speech, at the place of Execution, which was in Glouceſter Market Place at the laſt Aſſizes,

You have alſo the texts of her Funeral Sermon, which was preached the Morning before her Execution, the Words of the Text, are as follows, (Pſalm, cxix,

' Let the ſorrowful ſighing of the Priſoner, come before thee; preſerve thou them, that are appointed to Die. '

Alſo an Account how the young man died for grief

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The Murder of Sir John Smith, &c, &c.

THIS pattern here I ſhall unfold,
The which is worth its weight in gold,
It may be a cordial for the ſouls,
Of thoſe thoſe that are dutiful.
In Glouceſterſhire lived a noble Knight
He had a daughter of beauty bright.
On whom he placed his love moſt dear,
As by the book you ſoon ſhall hear.
When grown up ſhe was very tall,
Having a handſome face withal,
Many a courtier to her came
Squires, Knights and lords of fame,
One time upon a certain day,
A noble lord of high degree,
Unto her father came we find
To whom he did diſcloſe her mind.
The father for his child did ſend
Saying I adviſe you as a friend
To wed this man he has wealth in ſtore
And you'l be made for evermore,
She fell upon her bended knees,
And ſaid Dear Father as you pleaſe
To wed I think I am too young
But ſir your pleaſure ſhall be done.
Her father ſaid my deareſt child
Thou ſhalt not wed againſt thy mind
Might I have all that e'er I ſee
I would not force my child ſaid he.
Thus when her father's love was try'd
Her ſuitors all ſhe ſtraight deny'd
And father gave out word and all,
That ſhe would wed with none at all,

At last her tender yielding heart,
Was pierced by Cupid's wounding heart
That she her pains could not remove,
So she became a slave to love.

One Mr. Watts, as it is said,
He was a wig maker by his trade,
Being a very handsome man,
He did her yielding heart trepan.

For six months they wantoned so,
And to the world it was unknown,
For they met in private till ar last,
Their love sick heart was linked fast.

At last her father came to know,
His daughter loved the young man so,
He in a violent rage did fall,
And for his daughter straight did call

And when she came to him he said,
Is this the choice that you have maid,
Are you so fond that you must wed
With one that cannot get his bread.

Get from my sight and come no more,
Within th: threshold of my door,
Begone, said he, as here I live
I'll cut you off from all I have.

With that she fell upon h r knees,
While tears ran trickling down like pease,
Dear father I my faults confess,
And furthermore thy pardon ask,

Upon thy daughter some pity take,
And here I will this promise make,
Never to go nigh him more,
Nor let him come within your door.

She from her father straight did part
with flowing eyes and melting heart
And in her chamber all alone,

With wringing hands she made her moan,
My pearest dear, and I said she,
For evermore must parted be,
O heavens ease me from my care,
My grief is more than I can bear.
In the deadtime of the night 'tis said
When all the family were in bed,
In tears, she to the young man did come,
And told him all that had been done,
With heavy sighs and bitter cries
While tears came pouring from their eyes,
Kissing his lips, my dear said she,
I'll venture life and soul for thee
While tears came pouring down amain.
With heart opprest with grief and pain
This couple was forced to part,
With flowing eyes and bleeding heart,
Now, now, this fatal tragedy
Which I shall mentiou speedily
'Twill let you know the sad estate
Of those who are unfortunate,
In tears she spent the night away,
And oft times to herself would say
Lord help a lover in distress,
My sorrows they are numberless.
As she lay weeping in her bed,
The Devil put it in her head,
That she should not obtain her will,
Till she her father dear should kill
Straight from her bed she did arise,
Wiping the tears from her poor eyes
With heart oppiest with grief and woe.
Into the kitchen she did go,
Upon the fire there was set,
Some posset boiling in a pot
Which for her father was prepar'd
Who then was walking in the yard.
This poor wretched soul immediately
Put in three drams of Mercury
Which indeed was enough or more

To kill or poison half a score.
Then her father and sister came,
And drinking of the very same,
Not thinking any harm at all,
But for his wife straightway did call.
Seeing them both sick unto death,
And could not long retain their breath.
All further mischief to prevent
With speed she for a doctor sent,
But before the doctor come we find
Their fading breath they did resign
While her mother dear sat weeping by
Bewailing her sad destiny.
But God who brings such things about
By him the murder was found out,
Oppressed with a guilty shame
In tears she did confess the same.
Before Justice Jones she was brought with speed
And by him she was examined
While in tears she did sore lament
To Gloucester prison she was sent.
At the last Assizes drawing near
She then was brought unto the bar
To have her trial as 'tis said
According to the laws of God
The gentry came both far and near
Her fatal trial for to hear,
She by her own words poor soul was cast
And was condemned to die at last.
Lord! when she was condemned to die
What dreadful shrieks and bitter cries
Came from the rich as well as poor
The like was never seen before
She back again to goal was sent
Having a month's time to repent
And make her peace with God on high
But Oh! the fatal day drew nigh.
The night before the fatal day

She for her mother sent straightway
Who came to her with flowing tears
With wringing hands and bitter cries
When she beheld her mother's face
The tears came trickling down her face
Behold your graceless child, said she,
Here before you on her bended knee.
O let me here your blessing have
Before I am carried to the grave
For Christ's sake mother pardon me
And God will do the same by thee
The mother said, my blessing take
That he may ne'er thy soul forsake
But help thee in extremity
That's all dear child, I can give to thee.
At last the fatal morning's come
On which she must receive her doom
Honoured mother that said she
I have one thing to beg of thee.
Let me be laid, between these two
Which I shall mention unto you
Between my sister, which is not here
And him whom I esteem so dear.
To this, her mother dear agreed
And he was sent for with all speed
Who to the prison came in tears
To take the farewell of his dear.
She flew about his neck straighway
Kissing his lips these words did say
My dear, and only joy, said he
See what I have got by loving of thee.
The business it was ordered so
That she first to church must go
To hear the funeral sermon read
Then to the gallows she must be led.
First out of prison she was led
Unto the church was brought 'tis said
From head to foot all clothed in white
Which was a very comely sight.

The sermon being ended straight,
From church she to the tree was brought
With heart more cold than ice or lead.
Turning about these words she said.
All you that come here to see me die
Behold, and see my destiny
See that the Lord you love and fear
And honour you your parent dear.
With weeping eyes she shook her head
These words she to the people said
Serve God your parents well obey
For you have no friend alive but they
She on her knees a blessing did crave
Which her poor tender mother gave
Then up the ladder she did ascend
With flowing eyes and wringing hands

The Psalms and prayer being done
Before the ladder it was turn'd
She called out for the youngman
Who by her side did trembling stand.
Behold I said she, a gentle heart
Just ready to resign her breath
My dear, said she, my loving the
Has brought this shameful death to me.
O give one kiss te your dear lips
The which, said she, I love so dear.
Do not deny mo, my dear, said she
It will be the last you will e'er give to me
Kissing his lips she cry'd aloud
Receive a sinner now I come

Dear Christ receive a sinful soul,
She never spoke more but off she swung.
The young man's heart with grief was almost broke
He straight went home and took to his bed
After that minute he never spoke
But the next morning he was found dead.
They both were buried in one grave
In Gloucester City, there they lie
The Lord above their souls receive
And so now I end my tragedy

FINIS.

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